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# FAGOTS OF CEDAR

IVAN SWIFT

























THE MICHIGAN  
ARTIST



IN MICHIGAN

# FAGOTS OF CEDAR

OUT OF THE NORTH &  
BLOWN BY THE WINDS  
& ASHES AND EMBERS

*By* IVAN SWIFT



From THE LIZARD SHOP at  
HARBOR SPRINGS *Little Traverse Bay* MICHIGAN

M CM IX

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DEDICATED TO THE BEAUTY OF OLD  
TRADITION AND THE PROMISE  
OF NEW DEMOCRACY

325843

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## C O N T E N T S

*A Swallow on a Telegraph-wire*

IN MICHIGAN

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Song of the Cedar-maker

Stage of the Woods

The Old Courier-de-Bois

The Timber Wolves

Gods of the Ki-jik-on

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The Larger Dream

*A SWALLOW ON A  
TELEGRAPH  
WIRE*

*BATHED in red sun and gladdened by  
the wind*

*A swallow sat upon a span of wire.  
He chirped the hours away with idle mind  
And preened the feathers of his staid attire.*

*The news of all the world ran through his  
feet—*

*The word of birth and sound of wedding-  
bells;*

*The cry of pain and laughter of the street,  
Earth's sorrow and the sin that life compels.*

*Whether the message were of ill or good,  
A moment's joy or grieving bitter-long;  
Of blatant clamouring or solitude—  
The swallow shot to earth the one glad song.*

*So might I share the swallow's faithful  
heart,*

*And know the shadow and the light of life—  
I'd go on singing through the busy mart,  
And find a symphony in mortal strife.*



O u t *of the* N o r t h



## IN MICHIGAN

SLOW-YIELDING Nymphs  
Evade unpandered Satyrs here,  
And sands unconquered laugh at man's  
    invention;  
Bright clouds drive darker shadows,  
And the bay-breeze bears heavy odors—  
Odor-offerings of ragged pine  
And spruce.

The white-birch single on the hillside,  
The hemlocks and I  
Are friends  
In Michigan.

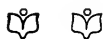
Nature's fingers  
Seem to play upon my strings  
In minor harmonies up here—  
Where shells of convents shelter  
Echoes only,  
And the last Indian has laid  
His flints and legends  
On the grave-mound of the older time  
In Michigan.

## H O M E

IN the evening after the rain,  
At home with the North and the trees,  
I turn from the world again  
And find me a world in these.

I searched for a joy in the lands  
Of castle and kopje and sun,  
And found what I sought—in the sands  
Where the journey was lightly begun.

The glories of continents seen  
And all that my ears have heard,  
Are lost in a garden's green  
And the chirp of a nested bird.



## SONG OF THE CEDAR-MAKER

DEEP is the wall of the cedar,  
And tough is the take of the Jack;  
But a man with a girl must feed her,  
And the fire must burn in the shack.  
*Ax, spud, saw, steel!*  
*Trim, mark, cut, peel!*

We tackled the world and shook her—  
A wench with an eye for hate;  
We winked at the woods—and *took* her,  
For better and bunk and plate.  
CHO.

Man is a thing for labor,  
Or what's the game of the trees?  
The saw is as good as the saber,  
And tallies are made with these—  
CHO.

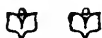
Our talk ain't the regular Latin—  
But we cut to the cedar's core!  
Our manner 'll stand some battin'—  
But we pay for our beans and more!  
CHO.

Tough is the take of the cedar,  
And rough is the lift of the Jack;  
But a man with a wife must feed her,  
And the kettle must boil in the shack.  
CHO.

## Continued

A *chew* for the church and the nation!  
We *work*—and the scale is right;  
Sweat be our soul's salvation,  
And *freedom* is *Saturday night*!  
    *Whack, crack, chip, strip!*  
    *Zim, zow, zip, zip!*  
    *Ax, spud, saw, steel!*  
    CHOP! MARK! CUT! PEEL!

CAMP KI-JIK, 1907



## STAGE OF THE WOODS

THE glow of the moon's low rim  
    Creeps up through the trees to the sky;  
And the night is a deep, sweet hymn  
    To the lone doe sauntering by.  
  
A frail, lithe shape at the spring—  
    A quick, strange flash in the night!  
A leap and a keen, hot sting!  
    And Death walks weird in the light.

## THE OLD COURIER-DE-BOIS

A COMMON man was Pere Gilbault,"

So will the townsmen say,

"A sodden leaf left by the snow

Upon the summer way;—

"A relic of the older time,

He crooned of moldy years,

Unknown to fame of good or crime—

And sleeps unmourned of tears."

And this the tribute of the world

To labor's humbler men—

*"A thing the jesting winds have whirled*

*On earth and off again!"*

What tho he spread the dauntless sail,

And quit the shame of kings—

To break the rugged forest trail

And dwell with silent things?

What tho he turned the blades to hoes,

And tamed the savage breeds?—

*We* hold their homes! No bugle blows

A woodman's homely deeds.

He made a garden, sowed a seed—

But *we* have plucked the flower!

He laid the faith, we made the creed—

What boots *his* lingering hour?

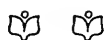
## Continued

No mausoleum marks his grave,  
No will divides his gold;  
No pension soothes a whimpering slave,  
His office none will hold.

His tomb is but the earth he trod,  
His wealth—the poet's heart;  
His gift—a love for man and God,  
His post—the honest part.

A common *Man* was Pere Gilbault,  
And so the world must say—  
“A sodden leaf left by the snow,  
Upon the summer way!”

1906



## THE HUNTED ONES

THE habit of all of your mothers  
Was flight from a stronger race,—  
Who knows but the zeal of our brothers  
Is zest to your joy of the chase?

## THE TIMBER WOLVES

WE are the wolves of the timber land—  
Me and the Black and the Bay!  
We work by the day for a pittance of pay,  
Pork for the man and the horses' hay!  
"Slaves," you say,  
"Of the skid and the sleigh!"  
It's the echoed word  
Of the world you've heard;  
For the nags and me  
Are the wind and the tree,  
And *none* so free!—  
We 're czars of the lumberin' band!

We sound for the sun his reveille—  
With the clank of the loggin'-chain,  
And the bitin' pain of the frost disdain!  
We warm to the work and won't com-  
plain.

*Chuck* your Floridy flowers!  
Michigan woods for ours!  
Hills of snow and a hammerin' bell!  
Four thousan' scale as hard as hell!  
Get up, *Jack!* Together, *Nell!*  
Break your tugs!  
Shake your lugs!  
Your frozen steam  
Is a Cuban dream,  
When you sleep in the straw with me!

C o n t i n u e d

The *slaves* are rollin' the logs of towns!  
Give 'em the card they've drawn!  
The blood and brawn and the liquor-o'-  
Dawn

Are enough for us—we're up and gone!  
A ten-league run  
Is a race with the sun.

The horses' keep  
And a cave for sleep,  
(Better a bear than a shiverin' sheep)  
Meat and bread  
And a blanket-bed—

And the prayers for more we leave to  
clowns!

To the hags o' storm my song is hurled!  
My poem 's the creak of the hick'ry rack!  
The lash's crack, in the woods rung back,  
Is a fire in the veins o' the Bay an' Black!

How they dance,  
And heave and prance!  
Oh, wild and free,  
We're comrades three,  
Born of wind and wave!

Little to lose or save—

What of the grave?

*The boss of Care is the king of the world!*

## THE GODS OF THE KI-JIK-ON

THE cedar is thick on the Ki-jik-on,  
And a goose is the queen of the sky ;  
But the king of the swamp is a Buster  
    John,

And the gentleman named is *I* !  
The same to say, I handle the rein  
Of the huskies, Rock and Rob,  
And make the law to the timber's pain.  
A *king* is a man with a job!

    Haw, Rob! Hy, Rock!  
    Mush, Brush! Duck your block!

We snakes the sticks from dawn to night,  
And times it's under the Bear ;  
It's a bunk for bed and a badger's fight,—  
They's hides is made for wear.  
We can't get far and we don't see much  
But a hole to the top of the sky ;  
They's muck enough for a grave o' such,  
And we go *some*, ever we die !

    Hy, Rock! Gee, Rob!  
    Hump! Jump! Chew your cob!

They's many a stick in the "Border of  
    Hell,"

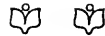
And thank ye to leave us stay ;  
For I am the king and the king is well,  
And the same for the Black and Bay.

C o n t i n u e d

The dam o' the nags has run in the clouds,  
Their sire in the wind o' the sea;  
So here is a laugh to the juniper shrouds,  
And *luck* to the pluckiest three!

Whoa, boys! Haw about!  
Back track! The hooter's out.

1907



## PLAINT OF THE BROOK-TROUT

IN the unfollowed rivers of Dawn,  
Of the hundreds of ages ago,  
A motherhood mothered the spawn  
And gave us of freedom to grow.

We lay on the golden bars  
And laughed at the witless fly ;  
We looked on the sun and the stars,  
And they came to us out of the sky.

We drank of the spears of the rain  
And wheeled in the storm-dog's ring ;  
We knew of no peril or pain,  
Nor feared we a wandering thing.

The Maker of water and land  
Stood watch of our joy of the pool ; —  
But we fell to the rod and the hand,  
And our faith was the faith of the fool !

Barbed were the wings of the flies,  
And meshes were laid to deceive ;  
The manners of man were lies  
That fish could never believe.

He came as a nature-priest,  
With book—and with hook and gun ;  
But the lover of beauty was least,  
And the slaughter of fish was fun.

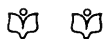
C o n t i n u e d

He cast our children ashore  
For the greed of the bittern's beak;  
And caught to his need and more—  
Pursuing from creek to creek.

And thus were we led and decoyed,  
In shallow and pool and bar;  
And thus was our faith destroyed,  
In mortal and sun and star.

We cherish our gift of life,  
And keep from the reach of men  
Till wiser in ways of strife—  
But *man* will be wiser then!

BOYNE CREEK, 1907



## THE PLEASURE OF THE HOUR

WHEN a curtain in the sky,  
With the sun a-seeping through,  
Is a-taunting me to try  
What a fisherman can do—  
Would you have me stay at home,  
Reading poems in a tome,  
While I water at the mouth and live a lie?

For the ringing of the reel  
And the rythm of the line  
Is the filling of the creel  
With the pleasure of the hour when we  
dine!

I *have* a tender feeling for the fish,  
And I've got to be forgiven for a lot ;  
But I love 'em all to pieces—in the dish,  
And my feeling's sort o' special when  
they're hot.

Oh, the very best of wishes  
For the sorry little fishes,  
And a hoping they'll be happy in the pot!

For the r-r-rattle of the reel  
And the r-r-running of the line  
Is the filling of the creel  
With the pleasure of the hour when we  
dine!

## THE WOODMAN TO THE RIVER

UPON THE DROWNING OF A FAVORITE DOG

FAREWELL, false Ki-jik-on!

I bide with thee no more.

Forget that I am gone

To seek a kinder shore.

I've had my joy of thee,

And fain would yet remain ;

But, innocently free,

Thy will hath cost me pain.

Thou'st borne my rod and boat

Through many a truant hour—

Where now *may no man float!*

*Nor even reed or flower!*

I learned to love thee best,

And grieve to wish thee ill;—

Farewell, forever, lest

I come to love thee still!

The wall of cedar stoops

Above thy winding banks;

The tangled red-bush droops,

And *they* may give thee thanks.

KE-ZHEEK-ON

## SPRITE OF THE PO-TOG-ON-OG

OUT of the fog of a Michigan bog—  
A hump and a bump!  
And a thump, thump, thump!  
It's never a bittern or blubbering frog  
Calling a bug or a polly-go-wog—  
But the moan of the ghosts of the  
    Po-tog-on-og!  
        Tlump! tlump! tlump!

It's not the clog of Gog-ma-gog,  
Come up with a jump  
And a clump, clump, clump!  
Or the gutteral blurt of a beagle dog,  
Nor yet the grunt of a Jibway hog—  
But the wail of hosts of the  
    Po-tog-on-og!  
        Tlump! tlump! tlump!

Time will jog and jump his cog,  
But never can trump  
The stump, stump, stump,  
That gulped the fog for a morning grog!  
The spook of a corn-mill made of a log  
Will guard at the grave of the  
    Po-tog-on-og!  
        Tlump! tlump! tlump!

## SEAL OF THE NORTH

AGES ago when the Dawn first lifted,  
Audrey, you lay in the far lake-land—  
Under the pines where the sands were  
    sifted,  
And touched my untouched hand.

Your hair was there as the beach-grass  
    blowing;  
Your eyes—and the sea-wet stones were  
    those;  
Your flesh was one with the soft surf  
    flowing,  
Your blush with the frail wild-rose.

Your blood was drained from the North-  
    sun's setting,  
Your grace from the virgin-white birch-  
    tree;  
You breathe with the pure, cool breeze  
    begetting  
The Spring's sweet ecstasy!

Your lyric laugh and the tears, all tender,  
Keep to the deeps of a nature-heart  
Long reft in the snow-land's still, cold  
    splendor;—  
You in the moons apart!

DECEMBER 1906

## THE WAY OF THE NORTH

THE spruce stands dark in the north-  
woods snow,  
And the lamps of the log-shack camp  
burn low;  
For the crew goes dry  
When the pay comes down,  
And the long hill-trail leads by  
To the lights of the taverns' town.

There is friends in the woods—as woods  
friends go—  
And a Halfbreed John and a Bigfoot Joe  
Was a pair in a bunk  
And mess-mate chums;—  
But there *be* friends takes the hunk,  
And there *be* friends gets the crumbs!

In the taverns' town on a New Years  
night  
There's a girl and a drink and a curse-set  
fight;  
And a Halfbreed John  
And a Bigfoot Joe  
Turn friendship out with a gun,  
And boast of a boasting foe.

The long hill-trail leads back to the camp  
When the dawn's dim glow is the woods-  
man's lamp;—

C o n t i n u e d

But a bunk left bare  
And the mess-plates down  
Is a creepish sign—*Beware*  
*Of the lights of the taverns' town!*

The trail-side bush and the stars might  
                    know  
Of the purse and the corpse of a Bigfoot  
                    Joe;  
But the shame-paled face  
Of the midday sun  
Turned off from the blood-cursed place  
Of the crime that the night saw done!

But a ghost took scent of the snow-packs'  
                    track  
Stained-red—and a Halfbreed John came  
                    back  
To the sanguine cry  
And the posse's blow;—  
And the fir trees point to the sky  
That a corpse hangs black below!

CAMP KI-JIK, 1908

## DE FISHAIR OF DE SISH-CA-WET

Ah ain't t'ink 'bout dees mill-job here,—  
Ah dream an' dream an' dream!  
Two, t'ree year more de devil' spear  
Be pike me down de stream.

A'm have some diffrant t'ing to t'ink,  
'Bout bettair day went by;  
When all de nord-man feesh an' drink  
And don't be 'fraid to die.

Ah b'lieve Ah'm den 'bout twenty-five,  
Be marry firs'—one son;  
Far up de nord-shore Ah be drive,  
Where Pigeon Rivair run.

De lak be fill' wid feesh long 'go;  
Ah bring de firs' pon'-net,  
An' teach de Injin—course *Ab know—*  
To catch de *sish-ca-wet*.

Dees sish-ca-wet be kin' o' trout,  
She mak' good feed, you boil;  
Ma wife pack barrel, tak' heem out,  
Dare's *two eench bes' kin' oil!*

Eef Ah'm have save Ah don't pile slab  
For dollair quartair 'day;  
But how we know de Yankee grab  
An' all de trouts go 'way?

## Continued

Well, well, who care eef all be spen'?

Ah tell you dees be sure—

*Ah geeve you gold, you geeve me frien'—*

*Ah'm reesh! an' you be poor!*

Ah wish Ah be young man some more—

'Bout twenty-five — you bet,

Ah tak' de lak' to ol' nord-shore

An' tra ma luck dare yet!

But Ah be old, an' pile de board

From sun-up till she set;

An' in ma min' Ah pack ten cord

*Dem sam' blam' sish-ca-wet!*

But aftair 'while de Frenchman die;

Den trout swim on de beash,

De franc-piece rain down in de sky,

An' every man be reesh!

## IN WILD AMERICAY

MY name is Nick O'Reilley  
And I come from Ballybay,  
But I 'ave't saw old Ireland  
In many a weary day;  
For I'm workin' in the lumber-woods  
Of wild Americay,  
And I've got a bunch of babies here  
Behoooves me for to stay.

I miss the bogs of Erin  
(But I've got the swamps of Ayr)  
And the murphies in the counties  
(But the *spuds* is pretty fair).  
The sarpents is leary  
As the frogs be over there,  
But they's fairies in a plenty  
And the ghosts be every where.

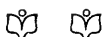
For the whiskey of old Ireland  
We've got a brand of *booze*,  
But the laws o' camp is rigorous,  
And them I don't abuse.  
They's a Sunday game o' poker  
As I'm likelier to lose—  
But the bill I pays in blarney  
That's a coin they can't refuse!

My feet is stuck in Michigan,  
Me heart for Erin longs;

C o n t i n u e d

But I works for Yankee silver  
And I sings the Irish songs.  
The woman lays furninst the pines,  
And here the bairns belongs;  
So I feeds thim with the music  
Of the silver skidding-tongs!

CAMP KI-JIK, 1907



## THE CRIME OF LAND

AH come dees place, Ah b'lieve it be  
'Bout Forty-t'ree or four;  
Den mos' de folks be cedar tree,  
Grow 'round de harbor shore.

Ah be de gov'ment carpentair  
To buil' de Injin school—  
So dey can teach de red man's heir  
How he can mak' de fool!

De Injin he's good fix dat tam,  
She be de happy man.  
Dey live lak fam'ly, all de sam;  
De chief keep hol' de lan'.

Dey raise de corn and some potac,  
Dey have de wood an' feesh  
An' deer, an' blanket for dair back—  
Dat's all de man can weesh!

Den after 'while some *blanc*-face come  
Wid bag of ten-cent grease;  
Dey t'ink he's God! Dey drink hees rum  
And smoke de pipe-of-peace!

An' dare ees where de game begin,  
An' dare de Injin lose!  
He's geeve hees farm for pint of gin  
And pair ol' Yankee shoes!

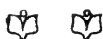
C o n t i n u e d

Dare where Ah buil' de Injin school,  
De *white* man plant hees house;  
He's be de robbair-cat to rule—  
De Injin be de mouse!

Now dey's cry in de swamp for bread,  
An' lak to fin' dair frien'.  
Ah guess een hell, when dey be dead,  
Dey find dair partnair den!

Dat man is in de devil's net  
'Fore he be in de sod!  
*De hones' man ees bes' man yet—*  
*An' dat be sure as God!*

1903



## THE SUNSET OF MY YEARS

SOMETIMES when I'm a-settin' here,  
a-waitin' for the night,  
The sun is stoopin' over low and spread-  
in' of his light  
On the puddles in the road there, and the  
reachin' shadders fold  
Down around the corn and popples that  
is throwin' back the gold.  
Then I 'magine that a voice I know is  
callin' home the steers  
From the woods along the gulley—and  
it sort o' starts the tears.  
It was nip an' tuck with us awhile a-try-  
in' to get along,  
And I calculate it made the bonds a-tween  
us middlin' strong.  
Him an' me had pulled together—yes—  
for more 'an forty years.  
An' reg'lar, most, as that old clock I'd  
heard him call the steers.  
Then one evenin' while the shadders  
picked the gleanin's of the day,  
Alf, *he* heard a voice a-callin', sort o'  
sweet,—an' went away!  
And I reckon that's the reason, in this  
sunset of my years,  
Why I wait for night to gather and I  
can't keep back the tears.

## ROBBINS'-SIDIN' FARM

HAVE you ever been to Robbins'-Sidin'  
farm?

That's down along the railroad track a  
ways.

Now there's a place as does a heart no  
sort o' harm,

An' kind o' calls ye back to country days!

They's somethin' 'bout the stumpy feed-  
in' field

As draws you there an' keeps you settin'  
'round,

While fleecy clouds by soothin' winds is  
reeled

Off on the sky; an' shadders run acrost  
the rollin' ground.

Down there's a shaggy sheep a-standin'  
still—

To make a shadder on a limpin' lamb;

An' some are nibblin' bushes on the hill

Till evenin', then they foller, single-file,  
a leadin' ram.

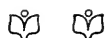
They's a clanky bell a-tinklin' now an'  
then,

And a killdeer goes a-cryin' 'round a  
puddle—

C o n t i n u e d

Where you see a patch o' heaven, look-  
in' in—  
An' you're feelin' like your money-mak-  
in' wits was in a muddle  
An' you hadn't got a solitary sin!

ROBBINS, 1902



## THE HORSE OF PETE LAREAU

SACRE! you laugh ma ol' Paree?  
You t'ink she's sick to kill!  
Dees hoss make leetle sad, may be—  
But sick?—no more as Bill!

I tell you 'bout dees horse, my boy:  
I feed him twenty year;  
She be ma frien', ma life, ma joy!  
I kill him now?—Dat's queer!

I tak' Paree to circus t'ing  
'Bout fifteen year ago;  
Dare be t'ree acre in de ring,  
An' plenty hoss to show.

## C o n t i n u e d

I heech him in de sulkey dare  
An' pat him on de head—  
“Dey's plenty competition here;  
Now show you don't be dead!”

I tak' de rein an' hol' him tight,  
An wait de signal gun;  
De pistol shoot! Ma hoss step light!  
Sacre! but how she run!

Den all de hoss spread out dere nose,  
De spark fly from de stone!  
No odair hoss go fast like dose—  
'Cept dees, ma *jolie* roan!

Ma hoss he keep de inside track,  
An' make dat cirkees short;  
In just t'ree mineet she be back,  
An' Paree hol' de fort!

An' den I'm have one odair try.  
I speak to him some more—  
“If you be beat, *mon cher*, I cry;  
It make my spirit sore.”

I rub hees leg down wid de sponge,  
An' tak' de rein ma han';  
She hear de gun, she make one lunge!  
You t'ink she understan'.

## Continued

She go! She go! wid hundaird feet!  
Hees mane whip lak de flag!  
She mak' dat cirkees—*two* mineet!—  
Behin' one odair nag.

She feel dam sorry, dat Paree!  
He hol' hees head in shame,  
An' shet hees eye so he don't see  
Dat *fail* go 'gainst hees name.

Den I say, "Don't you mind, Paree—  
You don't be all to blame;  
You win de nex' one, sure, for me—  
An' dare we have de game!"

An' den I see dat horse wake up,  
An' know she say "I will!"  
I geeve him drink, I take one cup—  
To show we be frien' still;

I sponge his leg; I smood his hair;  
I tak' ma seat behin'.  
She *tremble* lak de leaf, wid fear!  
An' I be 'fraid dat sign!

I hol' de line; I wait de shot;  
I say, "Be brave, ma boy!"  
But dees dam horse! I guess I got  
One bass-wood duck deecoy!

C o n t i n u e d

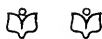
But dare's de gun! an' here's de gale!  
Dees hoss come out his grave!  
She tak' de air! he's mad! he sail,  
Lak sea-gull on de wave!

No frog be scare can jump lak dat!  
No fish can cut de sea  
So fas' she go! I lose ma hat;  
But I say, "Go! Paree!"

She go lak blin'! She hear no soun'  
Aftair she hear dat gun.  
She make t'ree acre—all way 'roun'—  
Gee Cry!—jus' *half past one!*

Now what you t'ink 'bout dat, ma men?  
T'rough all dese twenty year  
She be ma pal, ma pride, ma frien'!  
I keel heem now?—Dat's queer!

CROSS VILLAGE, 1904



## THE WAGE OF THE WILSONS

NONE shall forget that Sabbath Day  
When ten bold, skilless men  
Defied their God upon the Bay—  
And five returned again!

The schooner *Coral*—mark the name—  
On roistering pleasure bent,  
Swung to the breeze, despite the shame  
The warning church-bells lent.

The frail ship sailed with eagle grace  
And gently whipping wings;  
And luffed, for wind, in pride-of-place  
Just off the bay-head springs.

Upon the east, the rocks—what harm?  
To westward, open sea;  
In all the air a breathless charm,  
As on that day should be.

Behind the drowsy fishing-town,  
Upon the bluff's high brow  
A lonely Indian, looking down,  
Mused o'er his Then and Now.

There gazing off, as red-men will,  
He weighed the changing sky;  
And, save the schooner resting still,  
No more could he descry.

C o n t i n u e d

Within his heart he felt the tooth  
Of some mysterious hour;  
And toward the sea—in dismal truth—  
He caught the quickening lower!

He knew the Great Lake squalls of old,  
And knew their demon ire—  
More ruthless than the northland cold  
Or raging forest-fire.

And there upon the brooding bay,  
Without suspicion's care,  
Ten mortals and a vessel lay,  
With canvas all aglare!

The one man saw, the one man knew—  
And he of savage breed;  
But forest-fleet the Indian flew  
To cry the fateful need.

The storm came on in fury-burst!  
The bay leaped white with foam!  
No boasting village-father durst  
To quit his sheltering home.

But where was Wilson and his son,  
The humble fishing men?  
Look toward the east! What see you run  
Like some mad water-hen?

C o n t i n u e d

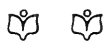
What landsman can believe his eye?—  
A pound-boat splits the air!  
A schooner wrecks—and ten men die!—  
But Wilson's hope is there!

The pleading wretches pray and gasp,  
And rise and plead again!—  
And thank their God that they may grasp  
The hands of braver men.

And five were saved and five were lost  
Upon that Sabbath Day!—  
And this the retribution cost,  
So cleric men will say.

Then what of Wilson and his son?  
Reward of gold is theirs;  
But "No!" they grieve, "What wage is  
won  
But *five lone widows' tears?*"

LITTLE TRAVERSE BAY, early.



## ASSASSINATION OF THE KING

DARE'S de land---she lay lak serpent---  
Twenty mile out in de lake.  
She's be name de Isle of Beavair  
'Cause she's lak de dam dey make.

I remembair Eighteen-Fifty,  
Den I'm fishing on dat shore;  
Most de people be dose Mormon  
Who don't stay dare any more.

What's de reason dey's all scattair?  
I'm one of de man what know!  
If de fly go, dat is bettair  
Dan be freeze out by de snow!

If you lak to know dis story,  
I can tell you what is true;  
Den you see how some de churchman  
Be no bettair dan de Jew.

All de Mormon pay de ten-tax,  
All de Cat'lic, he refuse;  
So dey steal his net an' fish-boat,  
Cow an' sleigh an' snow-pack shoes!

Many year de Frenchman stand dees---  
'Cause dat time dare be no law---  
Den de French and Injin contrac'  
An' de Cat'lic show de claw!

## C o n t i n u e d

I can stick de stake in san' dare,  
Hundaïrd of dem, where dey's thieve  
Shoot down lak de dog, an' bury  
Wid no time for pray an' grieve!

Ol' De Strang be king dat Islan'—  
She's de smart man in de worl'!  
He's be lawyer, pries' an' doctair,  
An' de *black fox wid de girl!*

Fine blue eye an' yellow whisker!  
Straight lak tree, wid voice lak win'!  
Sing de song an' play de fiddle,  
Pray de Lord an' mak de "tin!"

Strang have only t'irteen woman,  
So he hunt for nodair wife!—  
Lak de Frenchman set he's pon'-net,  
Dey's some white-fish lose her life!

Madame Bedfort be de beauty  
On de Island in dose day—  
So dees King sen' off de husban',  
Den he steal hees dame away!

When de news have reach to Guillam,  
Where he's trapping in de Nord,  
He's go mad an' swear de vengeance  
By de French an' by de Lord!

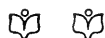
C o n t i n u e d

In de spring de gov'ment cuttair  
She's be lan' to Ol' St. Jame'.  
Den de captain send for Strang dare,  
See'f he know some smugglair' name.

When de King come to de gang-plank,  
Hol' hees head high in de air—  
Dare's two pistol-shot from fish-house!  
Den dey's blood-spot in hees hair!

I don't swear who kill de great man,  
But de cuttair sail away—  
*Wid one Frenchman for de deck-han'*  
When de sun go down dat day!

1904



## PI'TURES UP IN READMOND

I'VE heerd about them paintin's from  
the Holland paintin'-school,  
Pi'turin' diggers in the taters, women  
washin' by a pool,  
And like o' that; and folks a-hayin' wear-  
in' brogans made o' wood  
And a-doublin' over sickles that we're  
thinkin' ain't so good  
Now-a-days. And folks are sayin' that  
it's like your breathin' air  
Jest to look at them old pi'tures! I ain't  
doubtin' they *are fair*;  
But I'm 'lowin' here in Readmon' they  
is things that's full as fine!—  
Mebbe not so durned old fashion, but  
they'll *do*, I guess, for mine!

Now jest take a squint at Renie there, a-  
settin' on the bench:  
They's a scoop o' sunshine pourin' thru  
the trees and tryin' to drench  
Her and the berries she's a-sortin' and a-  
throwin' out the specks  
To the hens and chickens waitin' and a-  
cranin' of their necks!

C o n t i n u e d

The only chicken-fixin's that's a-stickin'  
    'round *her* gown  
Is them patches of the sunlight that's a-  
    comin' dancin' down—  
Golden crickets on her apern, faded blue,  
    and in her hair,  
Like a swayin' bunch o' golden-rod it  
    keeps a-playin' there!

The cullin's of the berries she's a-throw-  
    in' to the chickens;  
But the berries on her lips!—Gee! if *I*  
    could have the pickin's,  
At her feet I'd crow and cackle till I got  
    a even peck!—  
Like a ragged, beggin' banty rooster,  
    cranin' of his neck!

1900



## ALONG THE HARBOR SHORE

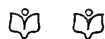
I LIKE the days of northern Spring  
When leaves emerge the bud,  
The birches turn a tender green  
And maple-blossoms blood.

A sail is golden in the sun,  
Against the purple hill;  
A gull is high on silent wing,  
The swallows never still.

Where westing sun and fog are met,  
Along the harbor's shore,  
An aged fisher reels a net  
And mutters primal lore.

He is not of the Spring of life,  
Yet find we equal cheer;—  
He, that the *old* ship weathered through,  
I, that the new may clear.

AT HOME, 1908

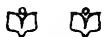


## IF I WERE PAN

DEEP in the wood across the way,  
I dreamt that I was Pan today,  
And tuned me joyous pipes to play.  
The fronds came out to me,  
The nymphs and graces three—  
The world was all aglee!  
For I was Pan and this was Spring!

I played that I was Pan today  
And laughed at mortals on the way,  
But no man heard and none would stay.  
Their ears were sorely dull,  
And sad their eyes and full  
Of pelf and pride and mull!—  
And spring to them is *never* Spring!

I know that I was Pan a day,  
But would that I were Pan away—  
With ears like his and eyes of May,  
To hear and feel and see!  
Pipe tunes to bird and bee  
And set the world's heart free  
With laughter, love and light of Spring!  
I would if I were Pan.



## A GROSBEEK IN THE GARDEN

WHEN through the heaviness and clam-  
oring throng  
Of mortal ways I hear the mellow song  
Of birds, the birds seem sent to me.  
If this be my insanity,  
As men will measure it—so let it be!

When shadows that no will can drive  
away  
Entomb me—then no sermon blesseth  
day,  
More true and sweet than that pure note  
My ear hath caught afloat  
From out the garden grosbeak's fervent  
throat.

Thou, crimson-caped messenger of God,  
Seem'st not to feel the thorned and bitter  
rod  
Of Life—thy hours are joyously beguiled  
With melodies so wild!  
In sooth, thy creed is *trusting as a child!*

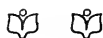
Full knowing that thy living days are brief  
Thou grudgest even an hour for sober  
grief;  
Thy poems are scattered free, without a  
name,

C o n t i n u e d

Nor hast thou thought of fame!  
Is *my* unpaid aspiring yet my blame?

The world is wide 'twixt man and worlds  
divine,  
And hearts are dull to such a song as thine;  
But *I* have heard. Sing on, from tree  
to tree,  
As thou hast sung to me,—  
And more shall find the God that guid-  
eth thee!

1906



## THE HUMMING-BIRD

WHEN Summer sobs her languor to  
the Sky,

And restive spirits vex the ways of men  
In vain emprise; within my garden then  
Will I elect to let the world go by,  
And watch the humming-bird. Not seen  
to fly,

He comes, and vanishes, and comes  
again

And sips the sweets of honeysuckles  
when  
Their lips are frail—but leaves them not  
to die.

So I have thought how good it were to be  
This ruthful corsair, bent on such pur-  
suit,

Against the wear of my foreplanning  
hours;—

How good it were to live thus liegelessly  
Upon the world's unreckoned blossom-  
loot—

Yet spare from any harm its guarded  
flowers!

## A U T U M N

BURDEN banked with many an autumn  
flower,  
The hills of aster, golden-rod and tyme  
Exhale the spell of some old Persian  
rhyme  
Revealed from parchments of the ages'  
dower.  
The purple mists enshroud the solemn  
hour,  
The throats of Nature hum a requiem  
chime;  
The pageant pauses with the dirge sub-  
lime,  
And Life is 'laid beneath the burning  
bower.

When Autumn flaunts her symbols of  
the dead,  
And darkness trespasses on hours of  
light;  
When frosts foray with banners gold and  
red,  
And all the future dawns are robed of  
night---  
Then quits my soul her habit's clamor-  
ing flight  
And turns to make her peace and funeral  
bed!

## Blown *by the* Winds

*THE sun sets cold on Weicamp Lake,  
And the Fall, with her frost-wet mouth,  
Summons the drake from his home in the  
brake,  
And the wings of the flock cleave south.*

*The warmth is fled from the bare brown hills,  
And the light from the famished field;  
A man's heart fills where the mad crowd  
wills,  
And the town takes over his yield.*

## THE COPRID BEETLE

THE dragon drinks at the fount of noon,  
The cicades sing in the tree;  
The night moth sips at the flower-of-the-  
moon—

But only a coprid beetle am I,  
And a coprid beetle I 'ld be.

They plume and prate of a sun and star,  
And the work of a worm called Man;  
But the road to the realm is rough and far.  
There's work in the dark and dirt for me—  
I'll be what a beetle can.

My mother a coprid beetle born—  
My sons will be no more.  
We work, nor worry; no work we scorn.  
There's peace in the crypt of the coprid  
cave—

What more in the Ultimate Shore?

A coprid they carved me in agate and gold,  
On a Pharaoh's neck I lay;  
They put us away in a cave of old,—  
And I carry a text of the Book of the  
Dead  
As I roll my ball of clay!

ST. LOUIS, 1904

## THE CALL OF THE WINDS

I FAIN would laugh with all the laugh-  
ing world,

And let the relic memories be furled

With banners of crusades and laid away

With tomes and trumpery of the older  
day;

With crooning history, Time's romance,  
be done—

Let ages die, and wake the "On and on!"

And yet in dreaming hours, despite my  
will,

Past friends and fading pictures linger still.

Old wars with all their wrongs, cæsars  
and kings

With all their crimes and ancient clamor-  
ings,

And troubadours, and pirates of the sea—

Seem still to mock our lauded Liberty.

Somehow when I would tempt the tune-  
ful strings

I find them fraught with hymns of buried  
things—

I hear the cadence of the awkward flail,

And Indians moaning on the bison-trail.

The clanking enginery of modern strife

Profanes the obsequies of sweeter life.

C o n t i n u e d

There's grandeur in the press of steam  
and steel,  
But heart-beats in the throb of oaken  
keel!  
And on the winds a runic wail of doom  
Pursues the tattered sail and trembling  
boom  
Of one-time stately ships. The hulks, all  
mute,  
Swing off in funeral pomp; and in pursuit  
The squadron hounds of fretful Com-  
merce bay  
Their greed of wealth and ruthless pride  
of prey!

A golden glory filled the sea and air  
When Turner saw the failing Temeraire!  
No harmonies contest the sunset fire,  
The fondest fancies haunt the Autumn  
pyre;  
So, when the Muses seek the tender  
theme,  
They find the treasure passing toward a  
dream!

NEW YORK, 1903

## LIBERTY BELL

AH, here is our Liberty Bell,  
Paraded in pride of old!  
I would that my tongue could dwell  
In the turbulent times she tolled.

I would it were mine to reveal,  
In a reverent rage of song,  
The secrets her sibyls conceal  
And the motley and militant throng.

Forgetful of things that be,  
I turn to the long ago—  
To the years ere men were free  
And the world moved on but slow;

To the days of ruffle and wig  
And leathern-apron and hose;  
Of flint-lock, horn and brig,  
And the spirit that went with those.

My mind is peopled of courts  
And powder and silk and sword;  
The hound and the falcon sports,  
And pride of lady and lord.

I witness the hurrying groups  
To the hall of the prophet's light,  
And the red and the rags of troops  
In the dim-lit streets of night.

## C o n t i n u e d

But thou, old Liberty Bell,  
Attuned to the patriot-shout,  
Didst ring for a tyrant's knell,  
And ring till freedom was out!

Now loud shall Liberty sing  
Te Deums around her shrine;  
And nations bent shall bring  
Their altars unto thine!

PHILADELPHIA, 1904

## JAPAN THE BEAUTIFUL

THE ghost of grace through heathen  
tides and times,  
Hath kept her vigil 'neath thy trem-  
bling stars!  
Thy cherry-blossom cheeks, in peace  
or wars,  
Beam in rapport with all thy sweetest  
chimes!  
New states may grow where fallen states  
have been;—  
The pulse of Beauty, dead, shall beat  
no more!  
Thine not the cause of wall and tower  
and store;—  
Thy citadels are laid in hearts of men!

## THE DRAGON CITY

IN this unchanging shaft-light hour by  
hour,  
Pent in and comfortless, the city's power  
Goes grinding on around me; and the sky,  
A somber square the empty winds go by,  
Scarce marks the transit of the night or day.  
A million unfixed spirits take their way  
Beneath my keep, nor seem to reckon why  
They tempt a dragon, follow far, and die!

I marvel I could quit the peace of fields  
For this, where all our fervent sowing  
yields  
But mortal thorns to weave us penal  
crowns!  
I have not learned the tenets of the towns:  
I seem disarmed where every man con-  
tends,  
Denying virtue and rejecting friends!

Where I have wandered, on the northern  
hills,  
A Presence full of power and promise fills  
Our hearts with common joy; and there  
we learn  
How comradeship and simple trust will  
turn  
The fear of beasts and enmity of men.  
But what avails the code I gathered then?

C o n t i n u e d

The God of farther places *here* they scorn,  
And flout the solemn faiths that *I* have  
sworn!

Were men but rude, like some unlettered  
breed,  
*Then* might I stand, as one who knew the  
creed;  
But here are sinuous ways and sultan  
smiles,  
Soft insolence, diplomacies and wiles.  
These subtler crafts plain men can never  
know;  
And fall as falls the unresisting snow!

From this most pitiless of human mills  
I wonder I am not among the hills,  
Whose faithful benediction followed me!  
And I am pained of infidelity  
At parting from the pines and golden  
sands  
And old-time friends—the warm and rug-  
ged hands  
Of long-true friends! I wonder I should  
roam  
*This* way! My heart is *there*—and there  
is *home*!

CHICAGO, 1906

# AFTER THE DAYS OF LABOR

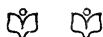
A RHAPSODY

AFTER the days of labor—  
The nettling cares, discordant necessity,  
The pettiness that unmakes men—  
Out! Out of it all!  
Out to the remedies of God!  
Air unmonopolized!  
Trees in peace-tussle with the wind!  
Grass, flowers, rivers, waves, bird-songs—  
Uncorporated, untrusted!  
In with these! Out with tedium!  
Off with burdens of past days!  
Out with fears of future days!  
No Past, no Future! Today, only Today!  
Sunshine, soft clouds, laughing voices!  
Only Today! Enough!  
And no concern!  
But a step to Heaven, and the way is free,  
Free to all men—as all is free  
To hare, finch, ant, squirrel, perch and  
    pelican and bee!  
All free!  
This, this only, this shall be the life for  
    mankind—  
This the life to make men and make  
    women!  
This shall yield high thoughts, bright  
    hope, prophetic words, divine art;  
Faith, charity, godliness, comradeship!

## Continued

This shall purge all meanness, rivalry,  
    exaction, hunger for the unattainable!  
All *is* attained—attained by all!  
No gold shall add to its richness!  
No world-comfort shall add to its delight!  
You who sleep, awake!  
You in the sick-ward, you in the world-  
    war,  
Surrender! Capitulate!  
Sell that thou hast and give to the poor!  
It's giving waste!  
Surrender to sky and wave and wind!  
Out to God's remedies!—  
And LIVE!

INDIANA, 1901



## THE PILGRIM

PALE, pure Star of the North,  
I come to thee, burning of cities;  
To thee as to a shrine, I come!  
Low, cool Mist of the North,  
I seek thy inviolable veil—  
Within thy frail cloistering walls  
Fold me ere I fail utterly.  
A slag of man, I come, contrite!  
Keen, calm Wind of the North,  
Blow out of the hills! I've need of thee!  
In thy long, cool tresses lay my fevered  
    brow—  
Fevered of cities and of sin!  
One touch of thy fingers, Wind of the  
    North,  
And I am free—  
Free of the purple sin of the South,  
Free of the slime of the cities;  
Free of the falser Gods of crowds!  
Stript of all falsity I come surrendering  
To thee, deep, blue Sky of the North!  
At the fast ship's prow, Star of the North,  
In old faith, in old love,  
I come, cast down to thee!

ON SHIPBOARD

## AFTER TROUBLOUS WINDS

AFTER the troublous winds have wearied and turned to sleep,  
I lie on the cool beach-sands, in the sound  
of the waves of the deep;  
And the waves of the firm dead-sea, that  
carry the gray of the sky,  
Bear earnest of peace to me though the  
years and the worlds go by.

The waves of the wind-reft bay, that reflect and reject as they will,  
Unvexed and unfaltering roll and the law  
of control fulfill;—  
And this is the *life* that will be when our  
fears are folded away—  
For the mind is the wide-swung sea, and  
the sky of the soul is gray.

LITTLE TRAVERSE BAY, 1907

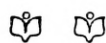


## Ashes and Embers

*WHEN the first floods had newly quit the  
earth,*

*And annals of the world lay in the loom,  
Awaiting time and thunders,—to consume  
The desert hours a Nile boy in his mirth  
Carved a rude shard of clay to deck his girth.  
And this the paleolith left of the doom  
Of centuries, or scarab from the tomb  
Of Pharaoh—treasures now of priceless  
worth.*

*So I must wonder, when I shape my shrine  
Of feral verse—though no intrinsic good,  
Will it be buried by the years and then,  
As legend of the long-departed wood,  
Be saved to relish like some ancient wine  
Or relic of old sunken Stavoren?*



## MEMORIAL

A SLEEP is on the northern town  
Of Hearts-beat-slow;  
The very steeples wear a frown—  
*The gardener is low!*  
Toll, bells! Toll, bells!  
By all the slave is scorned.  
Toll, bells! Toll, bells!  
By none will he be mourned.

Old time he bore his country's flag—  
Forgotten now.  
A shroud will cover him, a rag;  
A scar his brow.  
Toll, bells! Toll, bells!  
A soldier more has slept;  
Toll, bells! Toll, bells!  
The soldier *has* been wept!

He knew no kindly look or word  
Through laboring hours;  
He muttered curses, all unheard,—  
And planted flowers!  
Toll, bells! Toll, bells!  
No wreath is on *his* grave.  
Toll, bells! Toll, bells!  
Who waits to mourn the slave?

Toll for the slave! Toll for the brave!  
(His curse a flag!)

C o n t i n u e d

His gardens bless the child and knave!

(His shroud a rag!)

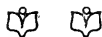
Toll, bells! Toll, bells!

What though the slave is scorned?

Toll, bells! Toll, bells!

For him who is not mourned!

HARBOR SPRINGS, 1908



## VENICE

IT has been mine to know, in younger  
    days,  
That love, in fullness, finds no utterance;  
No mortal word can serve, much less en-  
    hance  
A perfect thing. The wondrous Nippon  
    vase  
Desponds my tongue; the while to ruder  
    clays  
Of dull unpromising, the Muses dance  
And wake with hearts of wild exuberance!  
So Fancy weaves on umber warp her  
    praise!

No song of mine confirms that I have seen  
    San Marco's opal dome and wept be-  
    fore  
    The Campanile's fall. I have not  
    sung  
Ca d'Oro's grace nor of the light serene  
    That never was on others' seas, Mag-  
    gior  
    Venezia!—to me thy bells have rung.

TO GEORGE GORDON BYRON

THOU cursed of all the world for want-  
ing God,  
And blessed of God with gifts all but  
divine;  
So might one hour thy smallest worth  
be mine  
I 'ld fill that hour with praise of thee. No  
rod,  
However cruel, would stay my tongue;  
no sod  
With all its fearsome coldness I 'ld de-  
cline.  
Enough one leaf of laurels that are  
thine—  
One tear of those that bathe the paths you  
trod.

So sure the change of mortal hearts and  
times,  
So great the final mead of stings you  
bore—  
Who can but envy you the spear? Thy  
rhymes  
Of bleeding heart are saved to pay thy  
score;  
But I may bear *my* cross to calvary,  
Nor rise by truth to immortality.

(On the fly-leaf of *The Castaway*)

## LOUISIANA

OUT of the ash of Ages  
Damp with the tide of Time,  
Over the reeking pages  
Red with the Heathen Crime—  
Here hath the forest Fable  
Fought with the corpse of Fear,  
Building a barracked gable  
Learned of a Savage leer.

Spite of the mountain and torrent,  
Huron and hunger and bear;  
Praying in plagues abhorrent,  
Minding of Midasan blare—  
Jesuit, knight and trader,  
Crozier and steel and skin,  
Fool-of-the-Fountain and raider,  
Founders of Faith and Sin—  
Chanted their Molochite *Aves*  
On through the wilds of the Years,  
Laying their laws as lavas  
Hot with the blood and the tears!

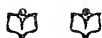
In mounds of a Memory faded,  
The Kingdoms planted their feet;  
The stream where the bittern waded  
Thronged of a throbbing fleet.  
Mine and Timber and Meadow  
Meet their debt to the Dead,

C O N T I N U E D

And over the shame and the shadow  
The Sachem of Peace is led!

Hewer and digger and tinker,  
Hammer and hoe and shear;  
Loaner and lover and thinker,  
Poet and painter and seer—  
Shoveled the sand to building,  
Tethered the river to power,  
Pounded the rock to gilding—  
And looked on Temple and Tower!

ST. LOUIS, 1904



## GATES OF BRASS

A SINGLE taper, flaming dim and low,  
    Played fitfully on relic altar-gold;  
    Thru windows wrought with miracles  
        of old  
Fell faint the saffron of the afterglow.

Before the penance-bench Sir Hardistan,  
    Scarce more than youth, of sturdy limb  
        and fair,  
    Knelt down as under longer years' de-  
        spair  
That marked his brow with age ere age  
    began.

Within the shadow stooped the solemn  
    priest,  
    In patience with the sorrows of the  
        years—  
    His cup of life o'erfilled of others' tears,  
Had spilled his tragedy as theirs increased.

“Sir Knight, I keep the refuge of the  
    poor—  
    Here knees of plaintive misery are bent  
    When worldly wares and light of life  
        are spent.  
Thou'rt not of these, but yet in strength  
    secure.”

C o n t i n u e d

“Father, I wander thru the endless night,  
And the pale moon to me appears but  
rare.

I seek, the last, thy famed candle-flare  
To light my steps and stumbling steed  
aright.”

“What meanest thou, Sir Knight?—Hast  
naught of home?”

“Aye, Father, home—such home as all  
men seek,  
And wife and child, and stables of the  
sheik,  
And gold to grace a triumphry of Rome.”

“Grieve not, Sir Knight, if erst thy joust-  
ing failed.”

“No conflict but a conquest, holy one;  
The bravest have engaged me and are  
done  
With tournaments, whilst I am victor  
hailed.”

“Find'st thou no weal in neighbor, friend  
or kin?”

“Thy pardon, sire—thou speak'st in  
language worn.  
Can mortal fellowship be bred of scorn?

C o n t i n u e d

The wolf am I; the whimpering folds  
are men.”

“Mayhap thy alms are sown to thankless  
soil.”

“Alm? Alms? Wouldst fling thy beads  
to craven oaves?

My gift is steady steel, outlasting loaves!  
But haste!—the serpent Night doth loose  
her coil!”

“Haste romps, Sir Knight, without the  
cloister gates—

With such as thou on worldly roads it  
runs,

In vain pursuit of far retreating suns!  
My humble lamp will serve but him who  
waits.

“The Sangreal lay not the wanton’s way!  
God’s love for love; His mercy for  
thine own!

Turn back whence thou hast come—  
unarmed, alone!  
Beyond the east awaits the dawn of day!”

## THE ODALISK

OFTTIMES in these our passion-resting  
hours,

When the light-mist of early twilight  
Veils the spectral mosque-tips,  
And all the silver bells in still suspense  
Await the towered muezzin's call  
To prayer—the soft dew-gathering time  
When rose-perfumes from our seraglio  
garden

Float low and deep upon my idle sense—  
Then have I dreamed a dream,  
Though it be all a fancy-fabric,  
Makes for peace to you and me, Fatima.

I have dreamed of other times and lands,  
Of far-called women freely born—  
Free to choose and free of any master  
And of Moslem power—all save Christian  
creeds.

In these, my reveries, the winds  
From over seas will bear the sobs  
Of childless wives, and then the cries  
Of many children left of mothers  
Weeping for the fathers strange!  
I hear of marriage-beds of brides unloved  
And maidens solitary all their days  
In pining for some heart they move not;  
And it has come to me—ah, truly false—  
That those most virtuous are most bereft,

## C o n t i n u e d

Without abode or any resting place  
Or sympathy's caress to bless their sleep—  
And this because of *goodness* and the hope  
Of some out-lying, loveless Paradise to  
                    come!

So, I am told that in that country ruled  
Without a king, the ways of freedom  
Are not free, and woman's liberty  
Is woman's reigning woe.  
Her fickle fury toys unsavingly,  
And, being free, men turn unscathed  
Away, weary of play, to be the masters  
Men can be! And woman—  
Worn of trifling, stale of beauty—lies  
Remembered in her obloquy, or, worse,  
                    forgot!—

A slave abject to self-invented custom!

And you and I, Fatima---we would not,  
From our sweet certainty and guardian  
                    walls,

Go in those ways of freedom-woe  
An hour's part---but we should rend  
Our matted hair, to be forgiven our dal-  
                    liance,

And would turn our troubled faces back  
To him, the Radiant One, our master!

## MY TAPER'S RECOMPENSE

MY candle burned for long to those fair  
days

When chivalry and modest worth held  
true

The scale of life; and then would I  
pursue

In fancy backward up those older ways,  
To peace! The modern fabric wants the  
grays

And love-care that our mother's sam-  
pler knew;

The world takes on a false, fantastic  
hue,

And hearts and homes are wrought of  
sordid clays.

But here are truth and sweetness of the old  
Set with the art and splendor of the new,  
Like strands of silver thread among the  
gold;

That silence-charm, the heritage of  
few,

Frail beauty and the purity of tears—  
All saved in thee to pay my waiting years!

*"The Oaks,"* PONTIAC, 1908

## CLOISTER BEADS

I BESEECH Thee, Mother of Christ, to  
know Thy will:

Have I not loved Thee and obeyed, and  
kept the vigil,

And denied my flesh thus long, *so* long!

Have I not thought to save my soul spot-  
less of the world?—

My tear-burned eyes are weary looking  
up to Thee.

Thou hast been forgotten never, yet—  
and yet—

(Forgive me, Mother!) I am lonely—  
lonely as the grave.

Passing joys, like unto Heaven, I have  
found

In blossoms of the Spring and sunlight on  
the snow and soothing rain—

All these, and prayer has been a moment's  
solace.

Mother Merciful, forgive if I offend—  
But why am I unhappy always? Am I  
tried and wanting,

While those others who have knelt to  
their own beings,

Laugh so joyously and are content?

They know Thee not, and yet, not know-  
ing, have they pleased Thee?

C o n t i n u e d

Dost Thou truly dwell in Heaven apart--  
or art Thou *Love*?

And is the voice of mortal love *Thy* voice?  
Strange earth-songs call me, urgent as the  
will to live,

And I forget. Then I remember Thee.  
But as I turn from *him* my heart is rent!

Mother of Christ, hast Thou not loved?  
Hast Thou not known the peace of moth-  
erhood?

And canst Thou not forgive Thy novices?  
At night and when the stars go out at dawn,  
At noon and every hour I crave what is  
forbid--

And, weeping, I am frail and have not  
prospered!

Must I fail and die--hungering as some  
hidden flower?

Thou art so far---so far from me---and *he*  
is near.

If I could know that Thou hast sent him!  
*Hast* Thou? *Hast* Thou? Mother of God,  
*I love him so!*

## RETRIBUTION (Jungle Law)

IN a far-gone day of the feral Dawn,  
Where the jungle code began,  
A lion lived with a boast of brawn  
And the growl of a brute-heart clan.

He took for his mate a tiger-girl  
For her beautiful coat and eyes;  
She left her dream in a passion-whirl,  
And cried as a tiger cries—

For the jungle law was *Feed and own,*  
And *Fight and the fawn is yours!*  
And the doe and the tiger-mate could  
moan  
In vain for the life that lures.

And the jungle filled with the mongrel-  
breed,—  
For the mother-lust must live;  
And the young ones grew by the lion's  
greed  
That *took* where it would not *give*!

Her heart went out to a bengal's rune,  
And the stars stood by in her cause;  
She sang at night to the desert moon  
And sighed for the love-made laws.

C o n t i n u e d

But the jungle law and the mongrel-breed  
Were strong in the jungle land;  
A God was not in the lion's creed—  
And two bloods stained the sand!

The brute-king roared of the deed he'd  
done,  
And the mongrel whelps bowed low;  
A tiger-mate and a chosen one  
Lay stark in the Bombay glow!

DETROIT, 1909



## THY LOVE THE PILOT BE

ROUGH is the way of the sea,  
And tossed are the ships amain---  
Swayed to the wind and the lea  
And back to the course again.

Shivered the hulk with the weight  
Of the waves that charge the beam;  
Awash are the decks with hate  
That licks for the open seam.

The binnacle dips to the locks  
Of the surf, from side to side;  
And over the sprit the rocks  
And the siren of sands deride.

The hour the seaman sleeps  
The lorelei songs allure;  
The wife of a sailor weeps  
And winds mock over the moor.

---

Our Life is the name of the sea,  
And the craft is a mortal man;  
The waves are Inconstancy,  
And the rocks—to evade, who can!

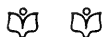
So Truth be the oaken keel,  
And Faith an unfaltering sail;  
My honor the bulkhead steel,  
Thy Mercy the yielding mail—

C o n t i n u e d

And mine is the compass true—  
A heart that holds to a star  
Which shines in the hope of you  
And the buoy of the harbor-bar.

Fear not if the mind of me  
In the wrack of the world be tried;  
Thy Love may the pilot be—  
My Soul comes home with the tide!

To V. L., 1909



## THE ABSENT HEART OF ME

THE low sun paints the willow rows,  
Their shadows lengthening eastward fall  
A purple tracery on the snows;  
And Spring is here—but that is all!

A silence broods upon the farm—  
Sweet, sweet as some forgotten song  
After the battle's mad alarm:  
Such peace!—and yet I long and long!

Here dwell the memories of the past,  
A tribe as true as God has made,  
And friends that yield their honor last;—  
And yet my breast must bear a blade!

This house keeps nature's wondrous plan,  
Old books and bronze and native art—  
All things to move the soul of man;  
But voiceless to a stricken heart!

Ah, wealth and crafts of men, how frail,  
And empty of all constancy!  
Yea, even grace of God must fail!—  
*You are the absent heart of me!*

THE WILLOWS, 1909

## MY HEART IS HOME

AND now mad Winter comes again,  
The wild winds sweep the stubble-fields;  
Against the gray the willows strain.  
Blow, blizzard, blow! My heart is healed!

The gnomes in fiendish carnival  
Turn chaos loose upon the farm;  
The porches creak, the dead limbs fall,  
It snows—but Love is safe from harm!

The wolves of winter charge the doors,  
Our shutters shake like bones of Death;  
The friends heap wood, the back-log roars,  
And old regrets—no more, Sweet Breath!

The urn against the chimney sings,  
Old books unlock their treasures;  
The wind persuades the 'cello strings  
To moan—*In souls are melodies!*

As Order makes the charm of home,  
Its blessing now is sweet Content;  
Its glory—*Rest thou, all who roam,*  
And Love, *our* love, its sacrament!

THE WILLOWS, 1909

## THE POET'S SHIFT

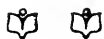
I SAW them there behind the glass—  
    Red rose, sweet-pea and violet,  
Lily and pink and mignonette—  
    Persuading me; but I must pass.

What would she give if she could know  
    It hurt my heart to pass them so?—  
When she loves rose and mignonette  
    And dotes upon the violet!

What would I give if these could grow  
    Along the wayside as I pass!—  
And not behind a window-glass  
    For profit's sake or idle show!

But summer comes and some day yet  
    We'll gather worlds of mignonette,  
Where flowers are free and summers long!  
    Till then my love must live in song!

DETROIT, 1909



## U N T O   T H E   L E A S T

THE melancholy nights and days of pain,  
Travail of poverty and solitude,  
The innocent contempt from all the  
rude—

Whom I love well—must long ago have  
slain

My stubborn faith; but for persistent stain  
That saved my need of prayer's deep  
interlude.

'Tis well the faults that utterly exclude  
The world of men, God's ministry retain!

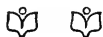
A thousand crises in my years have bade  
Me take with falser gods the luresome  
meed

Of praise and friends and Plenty's  
fallow ease;

But futile penitence hath left me sad  
With sorrows that no laughing fellows  
heed;

And, lone, I hear the message of the  
seas!

1908



## THE POET VAGRANT

WERE I to die this hour or some near  
day—

Be stricken quick upon the way I've trod,  
Say not ; " 'Tis sad the youth has passed  
away,

So reft of fortune and so far from God."

Say not in pity that I might have had  
The gift and favor of the rich and great—  
But that mischosen insolence forbade  
My fellows' warning of a hapless fate.

Grieve not that I have spent my years in  
dream,

And drifted listless as the vagrant brook—  
Have sought me substance in the things  
that seem,

And left to earth the semblance of a book.

What though I have not where to lay  
my head,

Nor marble weight upon my body's  
grave;—

Of this I make no moan when I am dead  
And you possess the worth I failed to  
save.

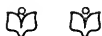
So be it I am soon forgot of men  
And laid in alien soil by stranger hands;—

C o n t i n u e d

The pines above my head will mourn me  
                  then,  
And waves intone my requiem on the  
                  sands.

Say, rather, this: "He chose to make his  
                  friends  
In wood and field, with bird and flower  
                  and tree;  
Began his labor where our labor ends,  
And saved—the faith in immortality."

GOOD HART, 1908



## THE LARGER DREAM

WHEN winds are rioting upon the drift-  
ed hills,  
And the keen stars defy the frosts of win-  
ter;  
Weary with the war of men and paltry  
wage,  
I lay me down to sleep. In that uncon-  
sciousness  
I know a peace surpassing words.  
Age and the weight of years are not with  
me,  
Nor yet are angels with monotony of  
harps,  
Nor vanity of jewels and plentitude of  
mortal crafts;  
But youth is everywhere! and Spring and  
happy skies,  
And waters dancing in the potent sun!  
Cities do I see, but far away and uninhab-  
ited, and wraith  
As gossamer—domes of inobtrusive hue,  
And minarets of phantom mosques  
As fleeting as the forms of miracle!  
Clad scantily in Attic boy's attire,  
And lithe of limb and crowned of myrtle  
wreaths--  
I gather blossoms from the cherry trees  
of far Japan

C o n t i n u e d

And fling them wanton to the Blessed  
Damosel!

I walk with Virgil in the vales of Italy  
And follow Jaques through the Arden  
forest

To the cool springs, and the frail pipes  
That Pan is plucking for his instruments.

In light of noon and perfume of laburnum  
Wondrous birds of plumage swing with  
gladness

On primeval boughs. And as they live, so  
also I!

No labor have I dreamed that is not joy-  
ous,

And no pain appears to pall the laughter  
Of the land of Sleep. The very shadows  
Are a benediction, filled with color's fer-  
vency.

The day encompasses eternity! The uni-  
verse

Of stars and spheres incomparable  
Are toys of hand! I toss Capella carelessly  
And dance with Virgo at the Dragon's  
mouth;

Astride Camelopard we scatter flowers  
Upon the Milky-way and fill the Dippers  
At Aquarius' fountain!

No heat is vexing and no cold avails

C o n t i n u e d

To still the heart's persistency of song,  
Or stay the ardor of the love outlasting  
time!

Then I must wake again upon the world  
To find the unrest of the dreams of kings!  
And I am sad—and will the Night to  
come

That knows no end! . . . . But,  
Here are homely tasks for every hour,  
And there—my gray-gowned books  
That wove the fancies! So my creed is  
born—

And I am comforted as with a prayer:—

*The After-world is builded large*

*Of little symbols gathered here!*

And I could gladly live on earth—

In child-like wisdom—yet to know more  
wonders;

And in patient service—thus to grow

More weary for the *Larger Dream!*

THE END

Four titles indexed were juvenile curiosities, and the book is deemed improved by their omission from the pages.

THE AUTHOR.







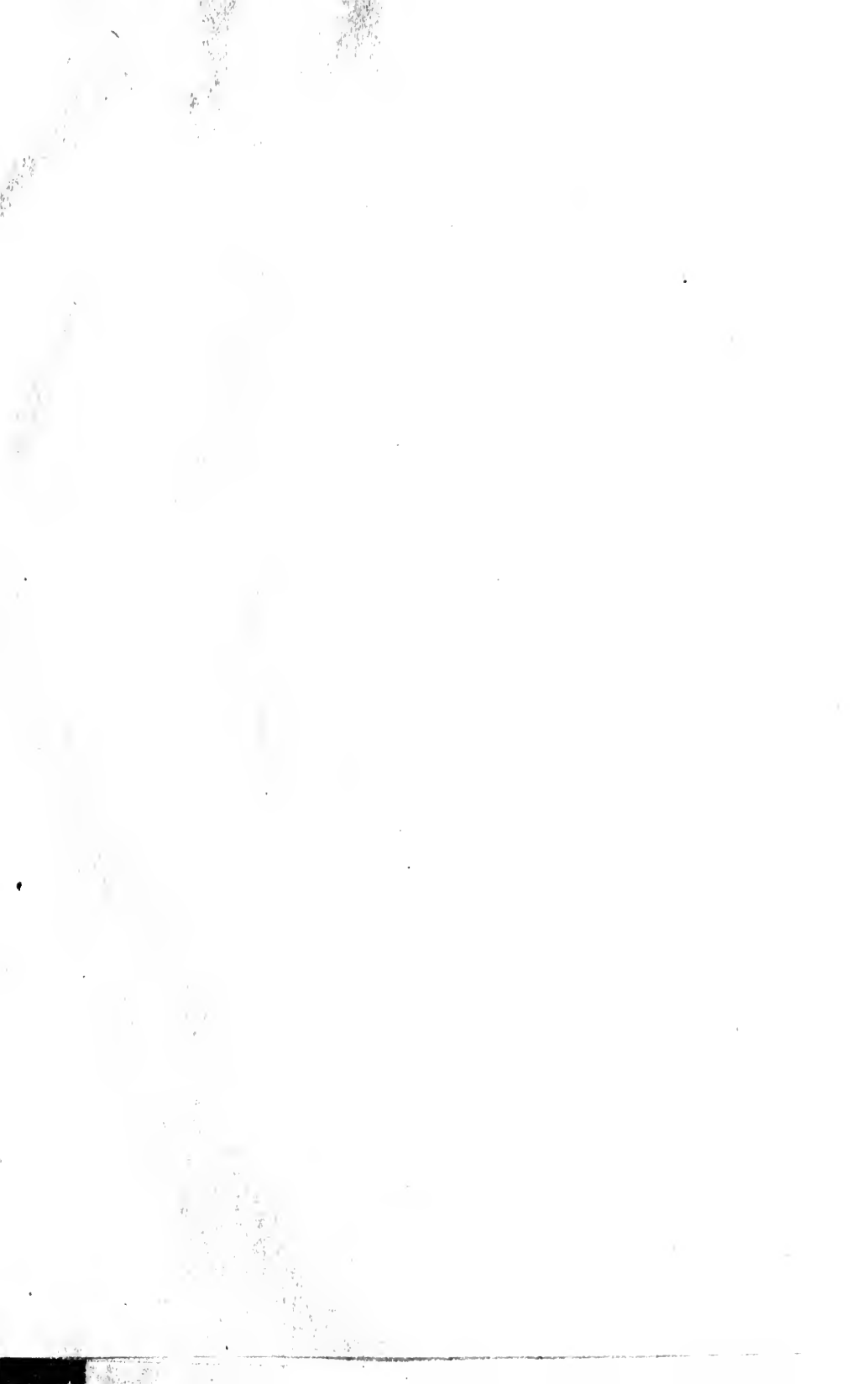












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